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WASHINGTON STAR (GREEN LINE) 21 JULY 1981

FEDERAL CASES By Tom Dowling

CIA Hustles For Recruits at Urban League



A few weeks back, the CIA announced that it was downgrading its public affairs department. J. William Doswell, the agency's newly appointed press relations leader, said he

looked forward to a policy of "inverse public relations" with the media – whatever that meant. Probably something along the lines of hiding

under a stone.

A few days later, the CIA's then operations chief, Max Hugel, was able to perform the summer season's most electrifying coup in the inverse public relations department, though possibly not in the way Dos-well had envisioned. Still, "inverse public relations" remains the uncountermanded order of the day at the nation's top spy agency. How does this seemingly discreet, if not

retiing policy work?
Well, yesterday, a reporter was vouchsafed a glimpse of the new CIA in action over at the Sheraton Washington Hotel, where the Urban League was holding its 71st conference. Down in the basement, hundreds of exhibitors were passing out freebees and recruitment literature to the festive, largely black delegate hordes. "We're doing a land-office business, just a land-office business,' said Phillip Mason at the CIA booth. Mason, a genial ex-newspaperman, ex-college president, ex-Justice Department official, was clearly an exponent of exuberant public relations.

"Hey," he said, "we got all kinds of people interested. I tell them right off the bat, I say hey, there are two areas at least if you've got them in your background you're gonna have trouble with our security check: That's drugs and homosexuality. We've got a test can tell if you've been blowing any marijuana even a year back." He did not indicate that any analagous test was available for year-old homosexual liaisons.

Mason said his own recruiting spe-

"I'm the EEO officer for the Operations Directorate," he said, flashing his card. "We had some trouble over there with Max (Hugel)," he noted balefully, though more forth-comingly than the CIA press office is in the habit of doing. "Myself, I'd give old Max very high marks. We've doubled the number of blacks we've recruited in the operations branch since 1979. Max was in charge of ethnics in the Reagan campaign. Max told me, if there's any dis-crimination in the clandestine branch bring it to me and I will stamp it out. There's no question where the guy stood.

'What about Hispanics?' That's what Max asked me. I told him we had plenty of those - for obvious reasons, Latin America and what not. I've been on the operations side myself, and I thought Max was a decisive manager. He was a guy who could identify the experts and bring them in. I know a lot about politics. It's a dirty game. The guys on the outside are trying to get inside. And, unfortunately, some people on the outside wanted to get Max. I'm sorry about that. But, hey, this John Stein? He's positive to affirmative action. Bobby Inman too. Colby, Bush, Adm. ? Turner, them too. Colby's father, way back when, was in the Army and took up the cause of a black who got shot to death for not moving off the sidewalk in Georgia. They made him serve with black units for it. That's where Colby's sensitivity comes from.'

"My," a passing woman sings out, "this i the CIA booth! They're probably listening to us."

Mason gives an amiable what-areyou-going-to-do shrug. "Hey," he yells, beckoning over another passing woman. He gives her a big hug. "When this woman first met me, she said, 'You're-in-the-CIA-I-won't-have-

anything-to-do-with-you.' Right?"
"That's right," she < coos apologetically, giving the spymaster a warm snuggle.

"Women," Mason sighs, "we're recruiting them heavily, too. We go to black sororities and what not. If anything, the ladies are more interested in the clandestine side than the men. Listen, if you speak Polish we want you, you hear?

Hey," he yells out. "Dr. Puryear, come on over here." An elderly gentleman wanders over, weighted down with plastic bags full of

"Forty ye says. "Our fi only four bo government. think. Now, l He steals a gl copia of his "Before Mr. any black re don't know but if they show them, where. Now I some white

black colleges so the students won't think the CIA is all black."

Mason gives a throaty chuckle, the obverse of inverse public relations. "On the clandestine side, we're looking for a domineering personality, an extrovert. Hunters, we call them, an agent who can go out there and target somebody, just look at them and say, they have access to the information I need. Man, we get theseguys come up and say, I'm an expert in martial arts and I'm ready to go out and kill Communists. We don't want those guys.

"How about some guy, comes up and says, I want to go overseas to Moscow and seduce a high ranking, glamorous Soviet official for my

country?"

Mason's fellow recruiter, Omego J.C. Ware, breaks in: "We got any assignments like that the recruits can stay at home and work the computers. I'll take that assignment myself."

Mason beams in delight at the thought. "I'm eager to get back into the operations side myself," he notes

reflectively.

Down at the end of the booth another recruiter is talking to an earnest young man in a fawn suit. "The first thing you have to be to work for us is courageous. Are you courageous?"

The young man nods.
"I think you'd better talk to Mr.

Mason," he says.

Excuse me a second," Mason says with a wolfish smile and slips down the counter to practice a little "inverse public relations," or its opposite in common parlance.

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